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VOLUME XIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1880. NUMBER 32.

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as well as thousands of other useful and needful articles. In fact, anything I haven't got or can't get at short notice is not worth buying, and what I do offer for sale may always be relied on as FIRST-CLASS IN QUALITY, while they will invariably be

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Having had seventy YEARS' experience in the sale of goods in my line, I am enabled to supply my customers with the very best in the market. Give me a liberal share of your patronage, then, and be convinced that the best is always the cheapest, and that it never pays to buy an inferior article simply because the price is low, as it is an indisputable fact that such goods are always the dearest in the end.

GEO. HUNTLEY.

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GEO. M. READE, President.

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Ebensburg, Jan. 21, 1880.-1y.

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CARL RIVINIUS,

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HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

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Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

Ebensburg, Sept. 22, 1880.-1y.*

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections especially. [10-14.-tf.]

HOW TO
GET almost
Everything.

Do you know how to get in the easiest way and to best advantage what you want for dress and house-furnishing?

First, how: Write for a catalogue; see what you can learn from it about the things you want. If samples can be useful to you, ask for them and state your wants so plainly that exactly the right samples can be sent.

Second, where: The place where goods are kept in the greatest variety; where they are sold for what they really are in respect to quality; where prices are lowest; where most care is taken to serve customers acceptably; and where you have the right to return whatever is not satisfactory.

There—no matter where you are—if you make your wants known and avail yourself of your privileges, you will get the best things in the best way, promptly and without trouble or risk; sometimes by mail, sometimes by express, almost always at less cost for carriage than the money you save in the price.

John Wanamaker,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Chestnut, Thirteenth, Market and Juniper.

WANAMAKER & BROWN.

HOW TO
GET Clothing
under Price.

If we could sell a little more of this and a little less of that, we could make things come out even—the last man that came in would carry off the last suit; but we can't. Out of every stock there are a great many sizes left when some are gone. The best we can do with these incomplete assortments is to mark them low enough to set a great many people looking among them for bargains.

This we do every day at this time of year; and just now we have enough of such to stock a little store.

Besides, odd parts of suits get left—coats, vests and trousers. We have a room in which there is nothing else. There is in that room cheaper clothing than you have any notion of. We call it the Bargain-Room.

These marked-down suits and garments are of all sorts; they may be among the best in the store.

We force a continual clearance of such articles as would only embarrass us; and keep our stocks always fresh and full.

Wanamaker & Brown,
Oak Hall, Sixth and Market,
Philadelphia.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of MARGARET MCMULLEN, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Margaret McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims against the estate will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
CORNELIUS MORRIS, Executor.
Clearfield Twp., Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of JOHN G. LAKE, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Lake, Esq., late of the borough of Ebensburg, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.
M. D. KITTELL, Administrator.
Ebensburg, Aug. 20, 1880.-6t.

WM. H. SECHLER, *Attorney at Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, (recently occupied by Wm. Kittell, Esq.,) Centre street. [11-21, 76.-tf.]

TOO MUCH OF A LADY.

When Eve in the garden was plucking the rose
And enjoying the Eden walks shady,
I wonder if ever she turned up her nose
And sighed, "I'm too much of a lady!
Too much of a lady, dear Adam, to work—
A helpmeet was made to be petted;
You keep things in order—I really must shirk,
Though the fact, dear, is greatly regretted."

To-day she has daughters whose delicate hands
Are wholly unfitted for labor;
It almost fatigues them to flutter their fans
When they languidly call on a neighbor.
Their mission on earth is to gossip and dress,
And live upon life's sweetest honey,
And they haven't a bother or trouble, unless
Their masculine bank fails in money.

It isn't the loveliest of work, to be sure,
To dabble in cooking and dishes,
But never a home was kept tidy and pure
By dainty aesthetical wishes.
I'm free to confess there is something in life
More attractive than putting a stitch in,
And many a weary, industrious wife
Isn't deeply in love with her kitchen.

But duty is duty, and dirt always dirt,
And only the lazy deny it;
Crocheting is nicer than making a shirt,
But men never yet were clothed by it.
To sit in a parlor in lofent ease,
Or flounce through the streets silly gazers to please,
Or being too much of a lady.

Too much of a lady to darn up her hose,
Or govern her house with acumen;
Too much of a lady wherever she goes
To ever be much of a woman!
The muscles that God made are useless to her,
Except to be wrapped up in satin,
And as for an intellect—she would prefer
A bonnet to mastering Latin.

Too much of a lady to own a grand heart,
And be a true daughter or mother;
Too much of a lady to bear the brave part
That ne'er can be borne by another.
By fashion or birth quite to fine for this earth,
When it comes to the judgment's great pay-day,
Though the Lord may delight in the lilies in white,
Will He smile on "Too much of a lady?"

A MINER'S YARN.

"This," said a well-known Leadville assayer to a reporter of the Leadville *Chronicle*, indicating a piece of odd-looking ore which he held in his hand, "that piece comes from a mine with a history perhaps as singular as anything you ever heard."

He then related a story in substance as follows:

The mine from which this ore was derived is situated somewhere on the line of Southern Colorado and Mexico. Vast mountain ranges inclose it on all sides, like colossal barriers erected by nature to guard it from the intrusion of mankind, and no beaten path, apparently, leads thither by which any one could penetrate to the spot except the most daring mountaineer that ever scaled the mountain heights or with pick and shovel delved into the flinty bowels of the rugged Colorado slopes after the precious metal. The spot in which the mine is located is a beautiful green valley, in which summer eternally prevails, with only one outlet, through a dark cleft in the towering rocks, which from the outside would never be discovered except by chance.

About the year 1524, when the Spaniards under Cortez penetrated Mexico and overflowed the country surrounding, a number of the lawless Andalusians, camp-followers, or whatever the occupation of those who drifted into the beautiful country along with the large hosts of soldiers, detected some of the conquered Indians wearing ornaments of massive gold upon their persons so directly different from any of the precious metal the secret of whose deposit they had long before wrested from the simple natives, that they at once concluded it must be derived from a mine whose whereabouts was yet a mystery to them. Avaricious and cruel, as Bancroft on good authority represents the Spaniards to have been at all times, the secret of the hidden mine must come into their possession at any price and at all hazards. But supplications and intimidations alike proved ineffectual in forcing the red children of the forest to make the coveted revelation, and as a last resort, refuge was had to a cowardly ruse, the success of which is unquestioned.

A number of the adventurous vandals from Spain, the destroyers of Mexico, tracked some of the Indians at different times into the mountains, and by this means finally discovered the whereabouts of the hidden mine in the valley. It was fully developed, and seemed to have been operated by the intelligent aborgines for a long time, the method of reducing and eliminating the noble metals being no secret to them. Suspicious even of their comrades, and fearful lest by some means their precious discovery would be betrayed, or the Indians drive them from it, they fell upon the small body of Navajoes working the mine and assassinated them to the last man. They then took surreptitious leave of the Spanish settlement, removed their effects to the hidden valley, and founded a colony there, erecting houses, and in due time developing themselves into quite a large and busy community.

In 1560 Cortez began his incursions into the vast mountain districts lying north of Mexico, penetrating the intervening territory and entering the southern portion of what is now Colorado. By some strange happening his soldiers learned of the existence of the isolated colony, and, guided by an aged Indian, they found the lonely mountain pass which leads to the hidden mine. Under the pretext of administering punishment for the crime committed against the Indians, whom they had robbed of their secret by taking their lives, Cortez had the whole colony executed, assassinating the men and children and outraging the women or carrying them away with them into the mountains. This done, he selected a number of his own force, and, leaving them to operate the mine, ostensibly in the interest of his government, he pressed on toward the north to prosecute his search for more hidden treasures.

The new colony was less successful in the management of the mine. Strife prevailed among them, and extended to the Indians who lived in the neighborhood, and with whom their predecessors, from the best of political motives, had lived at peace, courting their friendship by intermarriage and completely winning them over to their cause. The new colony had neglected this all-important precaution, and, having incurred the hatred of the redskins by their initial movement of slaughtering their friends, open hostility between them was very soon the order.

One dark night the Indians in a countless force poured into the sleeping valley and inaugarated a feast of blood in which nearly three hundred Spaniards lost their lives, none escaping to tell the tale. As suddenly as they had come they had departed, leaving a dreadful scene of carnage behind them. The improvements went into decay, and Cortez, returning by another route, the valley was forgotten, and centuries cast their shadows over its bloody history.

Last spring two young men, named Chas. Ackerman and Wm. Ramsey, left Leadville with a pair of packed burros, two ponies and shovels and picks, to go on a long prospecting tour. They strayed into southern Colorado, and having for a long time wandered aimlessly about among the rugged hills, going out of the way of hostile Apaches, and creeping along dull Indian trails, where, perhaps, never a white man set foot, they sought refuge in a deep cleft in the mountain one stormy night, and there built their camp-fire. The ruddy glare of the flame penetrated far into the dense gloom of the cavern-like retreat, and, actuated by an irresistible fascination that drew them onward, they supplied themselves with a burning brand and set out to explore the mysterious region beyond the circle of light. They at last debouched into the hidden valley containing the colony of death, but being unable to discern their surroundings at night, they passed the hours until daybreak at their camp-fire, and in the morning made a visit to the ruined settlement. Strange to say, possibly owing to the shelter which the high mountain ranges afforded the valley from the fury of the elements, the massive adobe walls of the ancient settlement were still intact, and entering them they were everywhere confronted by the moldering remains of human bones and skeletons, crumbling to dust at the slightest touch of the hand.

In a letter which Ackerman writes to one of his Leadville friends, and from which the particulars of the discovery of the hidden treasure are drawn, he says:

"We did not at first know what to make of the strange spectacle presented to us, in the ancient city of the dead, with its skeleton inhabitants and the wild air of desolation brooding over the scene. In every one of the primitive structures we found unmistakable evidence and traces of civilized society, readily convincing us that the settlement was not, as we first imagined, the handiwork of an intelligent branch of the ancient Navajoes. On the inner walls of one of the larger adobe houses we found the remains of a heavy cuirass, evidently at one time the pride of a bold Castilian warrior. As we prosecuted our researches through the settlement we made the discovery that with few exceptions each house bore the name of its former tenant, traced in the adobe when it was soft, directly above the entrance serving the purpose of a door. These names were purely Spanish, and from my diary I transcribe the following: 'Sylvestro Rodrigo, Miguel Bandara, Sancho Pazara, Francisko Mancha, — Lopez,' and a hundred others. In one or two instances we found dates convering a lapse of years extending from 1530 to 1566, convincing us that the settlement must have flourished for a period of thirty-six years at least. At a depth of a foot in the ground, which seems to be the layer which time covered upon the scene, we unearthed Indian arrow-heads of a somewhat primitive character, as well as metallic substances, which again proved to us that centuries back a fierce war had raged here between the original lords of the soil and the Spanish invaders, and that the latter were overpowered and perished at the hands of the red warriors. It was all quite plain to us and in the signs which nature had preserved as a record of the past we read that Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, had here spent a short period of his illustrious existence, to what end and to what purpose I must leave to the solution of one gifted with a more fertile imagination than I possess.

"But to the point. Drawn onward by our discovery to search the valley from one end to the other, we found in one of the most obscure portions of the same indications of gold-bearing quartz on a dump, where it was probably placed centuries back, and soon after we alighted on the shaft of an ancient mine from which it had to all appearances, been derived. The mouth of the shaft was entirely closed up with rocks and boulders which had broken from the mountain side and found lodgment here, and was widely intergrown with ranking weeds and shrubbery. Guessing that we had struck a bonanza too volumble to expose to any contingency of a chance discovery by others, without opening the mine we took possession, packed our animals the second day after our entrance into the valley and returned to Del Norte, where we at once filed our application in the local land-office to take possession of the valley under the homestead laws, and additionally secured our mine by a patent. We hired a gang of men and set to work developing our bonanza. Such it proved to the most sanguine degree, and in a short time I hope to have amassed a fortune, which, hyperbolically speaking, will enable me to return to Leadville and purchase the whole camp, including all the best mines. The specimen I send you is from the Cid, as we call our mine."

AN EXTRAORDINARY CREATURE.—Mr. P. T. Barnum will perhaps read with regret that there has arrived in this city without his knowledge a more remarkable dwarf than any with whom his name has ever been connected. One of the passengers by the steamer Wisconsin, of the Guion line, which arrived on Tuesday morning, on which ship the parents of the strange little creature journeyed as emigrants, tells the following story of its history and antecedents:

"Bridget Sughran is the daughter of John Sughran and wife, and was born thirty-one years ago on an island off the coast of Kerry, Ireland. For six months after her birth the child continued to develop as seven brothers and sisters before her had done. It is said to have been a remarkably pretty infant. At the end of six months, however, it suddenly ceased to grow and all the intervening years of the child's life have witnessed no development in its stature. Its head alone has grown and is now the size of the head of an average adult woman. Its limbs are rather more chubby than those of an average infant of six months, but its skin is as pale and delicate in appearance as those of a new-born babe. Its hair is two or three inches long, but thin and fine like that of a baby. All attempts at training have been unsuccessful in getting it to walk or talk or even to utter a cry. Though there is apparently no malformation of the tongue it does not give vent to any noise even under the influence of pain. Yet it is by no means idiotic, for it understands conversation and is keenly sensitive to remarks that may pass concerning itself. It also appreciates and remembers kindnesses: it may receive and appears to have a very good memory for faces. It eats but little, its food consisting of a very small quantity of milk with a pinch of bread. It is very good tempered, as may be presumed, and gives its parents little trouble. For thirty-one years the parents have nursed and cherished it, never giving it over to a charitable institution, though often suffering for the necessities of life. They speak of the child as an affliction sent in kindness by the will of God, and do not wish in any way to get rid of the burden. The account they give of the origin of the affliction accords with the superstition of the country. They term it an 'overlook.' A case of 'overlook,' they say, is when some witch out of evil motive calls down a calamity upon the object of its ill-will. The father relates how on one occasion, about the sixth month of the child's age, two women were in the house and one said to the other, 'See what a beautiful child that is,' and that from that time the child ceased to grow. The father substantiates this theory of his affliction by relating an instance in which a 'fairy-woman' or witch pointed to a particularly beautiful cow among a drove and immediately it fell dead. At all events he deems it an affliction from which only the pleasure of God can free him at the proper time. The child is now on its way to Mahanoy City, Pa., where its parents intend to settle with some of their other children."

The physician at Castle Garden was much interested in examinng the curious little being. The child is partly bald and has lost many of its teeth.—*New York World.*

WHEN you meet a young man smoking a cigar it is your duty to stop him, and say: "Young man, that cigar contains acetic, formic cutyric, valerie and proprionic acids, prussic acid, creosote, carbolic acid, ammonia, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, virodine, picoline and rubidene, to say nothing of cabbagine and lurdockic acid." He may stick to the cigar, but you have done your duty in the premises.

A VERY GRATEFUL MINK.

THE BEST FISHING STORY PIKE COUNTY HAS FURNISHED FOR MANY A DAY.

The New York *Sun* says that ex-Police Justice John Scott spends a few days every summer with his friend Ferdinand LeClere, in Milford, Pike county, Pa. He returned to New York a few days ago from this season's visit, and as on other occasions, had some remarkable experiences to relate when he reached home.

"I don't think I can ever look at a mink muff again without shedding tears," says the judge. "A party of us was camped twenty miles from Milford, in the wilderness. Our tent was pitched near a trout stream. We went for trout and woodcock. We'd had terribly bad luck, although some of the fellows with me were about the best sporting ducks in the country. One day I stayed in camp while the others went fishing and hunting. I was stretched out on the grass in front of the tent, when I saw an animal stick its head up out of the creek. It looked around cautiously, and then crawled up the bank. It was a mink, and a steel trap was fast to one of its fore legs. I raised up, and the mink dragged itself right towards me. It stopped every few seconds, laid its head flat on the ground, and looked at me with the most pitiful look I ever saw. I first thought I'd shoot the animal, but I changed my mind as I wanted to see what its strange actions meant. The mink crept up to within two feet of me, and turning over on its back held up the paw that had the trap on it. There was no need of its saying a word if it could, for the action said as plain as words, 'Please, now, take this trap off, won't you?' You can bet that in less time than it takes to tell it, I had that mink free from its cruel incumbrance. Its eyes spoke volumes of thanks and it limped back to the creek and disappeared.

"The incident slipped my mind in a short time. The boys came in late in the afternoon. They had about a dozen little trout and three woodcock. There wasn't enough to make a smell in the frying-pan. We made up our minds that all the trout we'd have for breakfast would be a hunk of salt pork. We turned in that night all in low spirits, determined to go home the next day.

"I got up early in the morning to get a piece of sunrise in the mountain that I'd read so much about. There was a big flat rock on the outside of the tent, near the entrance. When I stepped out and my eyes fell on the rock I was startled and no mistake. The fact of the matter is, we were all afraid of rattlesnakes, and had with us a festive demijohn of Pike county antidote, which we had now and then tested, and when I saw on that rock as plain as day, a pile of the biggest trout I ever set my eyes on, I thought maybe my nerves were a little off. I went back and woke up Baltus Westbrook and asked him to come out and see if there wasn't a bear track along the edge of the creek. Thinks I, if Baltus don't see them trout, I strikes in for Milford and a doctor. When Baltus stepped out of the tent the first thing he saw was the rock. He jumped about ten feet, and fairly yelled:

"'Trout, by the living Jingo! Where did you catch 'em, judge?'

"I was saved, but where the trout came from was the mystery. I suggested Providence, but happened to remember the section of country we were in, and knew that couldn't be. There wasn't one of the trout that weighed less than a pound. We didn't let our speculation as to the source of their supply interfere with our appetites, and there was no salt pork fried that morning. The episode raised our spirits and we concluded to stay another day. We had good luck gunning that day, and when we found another pile of big trout on the rock next morning we made up our minds that some bark peelers to whom we had given supplies a day or two before were repaying us with these delicious surprises. But I made up my mind that I would find out for certain. So that night, after the rest had gone to sleep, I crawled uy to the door of the hut and peered out. It was a bright moonlight night, and I could see almost as well as if it was day. About midnight, I saw something black emerge from the creek. It came stealthily towards the tent. It was a small animal, and as it came near the tent I saw that it was a mink, and that it limped. In its mouth was a large trout, which it deposited on the rock and then limped back to the creek. Everything was as plain as double six to me now. The mink I had rescued from the trap was showing its gratitude by catching the largest trout it could find in the creek, and placing them at my disposal.

"I told the boys the next morning. Baltus Westbrook thought it was very kind of the mink. Sheriff Ridgeway said that it was no more than the mink ought to do, and that if it had done anything less he would have had a very poor opinion of it.

"That day we concluded to break camp and go home. One of the party had taken a young dog out with him to give him some training on woodcock. At the first fire of the gun the dog had made for another part of the county, and we never saw or heard of him again. When we packed up our things, we couldn't find the dog's chain and collar it was fastened to, and we started without it. I was walking out of the woods behind the wagon. We hadn't got more than a hundred yards away from camp when I heard a noise behind me. I looked back. There was that mink, limping at my heels. He had the collar about his neck, and when I turned around, he raised up on his hind feet and held the chain up to me with his fore paws. That mink was so blame grateful to me that he wanted me to take him home with me. It touched me to the heart. I took him in, but poor fellow, the trap had injured him so badly that he died of lock-jaw."

ANXIOUS TO SAVE HIS BROTHER.—Yesterday about one o'clock a boy of about twelve went up Market street at such a rate of speed that everybody who saw him was satisfied that he was running for a doctor.

A man with kindly expression of countenance caught the flying boy by the arm and asked him:

"Sonny, is there anybody sick at your house?"

"No, but there will be if you don't turn me loose."

"Who is it bubby?"

"Will yer let me go if I tell you?"

"I will, my boy."

"Well, then, it's my brother Bob. He will be a remains before night if I don't get home right off. You see we have cucumbers, green corn, clabber, water melon and cabbage for dinner, and if I ain't there to get my share he will founder himself and die. Please let me go, so I can save my brother's life."—*Galveston News.*

FLANAGAN'S BAND.

Abroad in the land there's a great moral party,
Whose motives are pure and its promises hearty;
A party whose zeal saved the country so often
Its retirement from office a stone heart would soften.
It has leaders a score, who will have no shenanigan,
But first of them all stands the frank-spoken Flanagan.

CHORUS.

O, Flanagan, noble, disinterested, and hearty!
The spokesman sincere of an immaculate party;
Your tenets, accused of a tendency rotten,
Will flourish when Washington's days are forgotten!

This party is a master of organization;
'Twill construct of our country an invincible nation,
On a grand, central plan, of which they who commend it
Say, 'twill bless the whole country even if it should end it;
It has done far more of this than e'er party can again,
But far beyond all it has nurtured a Flanagan!

This patriot party has an amazing vitality,
The result, beyond doubt, of its spotless morality,
Though by three hundred thousand at one time defeated,
It couldn't let go till its work was completed;
But at saving the country it straightway began again,
True to the principles promulgated by Flanagan.

It has Jim of Ohio, canalman and general;
His connection with railroads was slight and ephemeral;
A good man, of course, but with a habit unfortunate
Of borrowing freely, from each leader importunate.
But his record is good through his boyhood, and then again,
He does not object to the tenets of Flanagan.

And there's Arthur, the great civil service reform writer;
In practice none draws the reins of reform tighter;
With Hayes he's on terms of friendship unpronounc'd,
For his conduct has always been deemed Meritto-rious.
It was always conceded, at least, if Grant ran again,
This great man would adhere to the platform of Flanagan.

And there's Logan, poor fellow, whose singular vision
Sees the war still in progress, strange lack of precision!
In fact, be it whispered, 'tis a mental affliction;
This party entire has a ghostly conviction
That the fields are still bloody, though waving in clover.
That the war is not now and will never be over.

Then there's Howells for show, and Curtis for ballast,
And Conkling—at once Catilina and Sal ust—
And Blaine of New England, a candidate, chiefly,
And Davenport Johnny, and Hancock, but briefly,
All good men, and practical, who want no shenanigan,
Belong to this party and believe in its Flanagan.
—*New York Sun.*

A RELIC OF THE WAR.

THE BUTTON THAT WAS SHOT FROM GENERAL HANCOCK'S COAT AT GETTYSBURG.

Yesterday a well-dressed man—but this is not a fashionable article; what's the use in describing a man's dress? Anyway, the man entered a store, and taking a brass button from his pocket he handed it to a bystander, and remarked:

"Rather a valuable relic. This button was shot from Gen. Hancock's coat at the battle of Gettysburg. My father was on Hancock's staff, and picked up the button when it fell from the General's coat."

"I should think that it was valuable," said the man examining it. "From Hancock's coat? Well, I declare. What'll you take for it? Excuse me, sir. I should not have asked such a silly question."

"No offence, sir. I wouldn't sell the relic, of course, as it is bound to me by more than one tie. My father is dead," and the man looked away while the other party turned and made a foreign remark to a boy that stood by the counter lazily turning the leaves of a lot of sheet music. "No, I wouldn't sell it," continued the man, "but as I am in strained circumstances, I am going to the pawn shop and pawn it."

"Don't do that. Let me take it."

"Well, loan me $5."

The money was handed over, and after the relic man had carefully taken down the address of the capitalist he walked out. About five minutes afterward, the clerk in a neighboring store entered and exclaimed: "See here, fellers; I reckon I've got the boss relic—a button shot from Gen. Hancock's coat at the battle of Gettysburg." He then unwrapped a lot of oil paper from around a brass button.

"Where did you get it?" asked the man who had a similar curiosity.

"I got it from a man whose father picked it up just after a bullet had clipped it from Hancock's coat. The poor fellow had started to the pawn shop. I let him have $10 on it."

"What, ho! boss," exclaimed another man entering the store and holding up a brass button. "Here's a relic for you. Shot from General Hancock's coat during the——"

"Say, there," said a man looking through the doorway, "do you fellows want to see a relic of the late war, shot——"

"I've got one that'll beat it," said a man, stooping and fumbling in his vest pocket.

"Hole on dar," said a colored man. "Lem me show yer de boss curyosity. Hit's a button got often——"

"Oh, let up," exclaimed several voices, while the noise of buttons rolling on the floor was heard.

"Let's look for that feller," said the first victim. "Why, bust my buttons, somebody must have drawn on Hancock with a double-barreled shotgun."

The party went out, and the only information learned from him was that he had just cut the buttons from an old army coat and started for the next town.—*Little Rock Gazette.*

THREE DOG STORIES.—Professor Schutzenberger, of Strasburg, sends a dog story. A gentleman owning a kitchen garden remarked that a basket containing fresh carrots got quickly emptied. A watch was set for the thief, who proved to be a dog. Dogs don't eat raw carrots, so further inquiry was necessary. The dog went to the stable and held the carrot to the horse's mouth. The horse whimsied, took the carrot and ate it.—The operation was repeated until the basket had been emptied. The greatest affection exists between the dog and horse.—*Revue d'Anthropologie.*

Recently a large Newfoundland dog was sent by a leather dealer for the key of hide house, which was at some distance from the dealer's house. On his way back with the key the dog got into a fight with another dog and the shingle to which the key was tied split. Watch thoughtlessly picked up the wrong piece of shingle and took it to his master. The dealer shook his head, at which Watch instantly wagged his tail, hung his head sideways in an "Ain't-I-a-fool?" manner and bounded off after the key, with which he soon returned.—*Hartford Post.*

There is a dog at our boarding-house which seems really to be affected by church services. He scarcely ever attends church or Sunday school except Sunday evenings, and then attends regularly, never missing a single time. There are two Sunday schools in the same church, morning and evening. When the church bell rings he puts up the most piteous howls and seems to be deeply affected.—*Dublin (Ga.) Gazette.*

ARIZONA has 41,580 population including 1,069 Chinese and 5,443 Indians.

A REAL LIFE STORY.

FROM WEALTH TO DISGRACE AND POVERTY THROUGH DEVOTED LOVE.

The misery resulting from unequal marriages, often glossed by the name of love-matches, is much greater, much wider-spread, in this democratic land, where they mostly occur, than people are wont to believe. The misery is not only experienced by the married couple; it is often so entailed upon their children and their nearest of kin as to constitute the deepest tragedy of life. A very salient and distressing example of the sort occurred many years ago in Cincinnati; and the rash man who wedded an unworthy woman has since endured such a degree of misfortune and anguish as seldom falls to the lot even of the most afflicted humanity. He was, when he met the girl whom he afterward made his wife, an insurance manager of one of the largest companies in the United States, and was accounted one of the best financiers and business men in Ohio. She was a book-binder, rather showy, though coarse-looking, by no means handsome, and so far from prudent that her good name had suffered. She was so flaunting in manner, so indiscreet in behavior, as to be in a sense notorious. After becoming acquainted with her, he, as the phrase is, fell desperately in love with her. Altogether out of his station, even if she had been circumspect, she no doubt understood the value of her new acquisition, and resolved to make the most of him, the most being, of course, to turn him into a husband. Managing very adroitly to that end, his relatives and friends were horrified in a few weeks to learn that he had actually made her his wife. It was wholly unlike him, for his connections were eminently respectable, his habits of the best, his antecedents unexceptionable. To all remonstrances he answered, "I love her; that is enough. She is a pure, good woman, and has been foully slandered. You will see that she will justify my selection." He then had a salary of $25,000 a year from the company, and made so much money on his account that he was soon a millionaire. His wife did not change. Her new and luxurious surroundings only rendered her vulgarities more conspicuous. She was never quite accepted socially by his set; but he, with a strange fatuity, worshiped her, trusted her absolutely, would not hear a syllable against her. He was the incarnation of martial chivalry. Time went on; they had children, a boy and a girl, who grew to maturity. Every effort was taken by their father to educate and rear them suitably. The boy was clever and promising; the girl was handsome and interesting. But the taint of the maternal blood was ineradicable. The young man became very dissipated, a sot, indeed; committed forgery in Chicago; was arrested, thrown into prison, and committed suicide. The girl, after being a belle, and having been engaged to several excellent men, took deliberately to vicious courses, drank to excess, and became a shameless wanton. Her associations were with the lowest and vilest, and recently she was picked up in the slums of St. Louis, a perfectly disgusting creature, and codsigned to a madhouse. She had often tried in vain to take her own life, which, happily, must now be near its close. The father lost his wealth, discovered his wife's infidelity put her away, and she went at once to the bad. She sank into a woman of the town in Chicago, and died there miserably, the unfortunates of her own class defraying the expenses of her funeral. The poor father is now in that city, depending on a small salary, gray-haired, prematurely old, heart-broken, an object of profoundest pity, and all through a misalliance. Was ever tragedy more complete? Webster, Marlowe, Ford, Massinger, have nothing in their dramatic dismays to exceed this awful accumulation of sin, agony and horror.

LOUISE, the Boston bookseller, tells a romantic story as follows: "At one time I had prepared boxes of fancy paper with a fancy initial or pet name embossed in it, and I put this up at $1 a box, and advertised it widely. One day I had an order from California from a Miss Susie ——. The box was done up, addressed to her and lay about here, when a young Englishman came in and wanted to write a letter. I gave him the materials and a place, when his eyes caught the address on this box.

"'Have you the order that came for that box of paper?' he asked.

"'Yes,' I replied, 'tis about somewhere.'

"'Would you mind sending it up to my hotel? If it is what I think, I shall leave for California to-night.'

"I found it and sent it around and heard no more about it for perhaps three months, when one day the young man, with a lady on his arm, walked in. 'Mr. Loring, I want to present you to my wife,' he said. 'We could not leave this country till we had thanked you for your part in bringing us together.' The denouement was quite a romance. The young man was the son of an aristocratic family and the girl the daughter of the gardener. But love levels all distinctions, and the young man felt this girl to be the chosen companion of his life. To break off the attachment his father had sent him to the Continent and despatched the gardener and his pretty daughter to America, where the young man had followed them, ignorant of their address, and at last finding it through the chance of the box of paper."

THE INVASION OF MEXICO.—"General" Dalrymple is evidently making preparations for an invasion of Mexico, but to what extent he has succeeded in recruiting his army of occupation is not known even by the authorities in Washington. They rely upon General Ord to watch the invader and prevent his schemes from being successful.—General Ord has quite a large force at his command—enough without doubt to prevent any force that can easily be raised from securing a foothold on Mexican soil. Dalrymple's army consists on paper of fifty thousand men, divided into five corps. It is said that he pretends to have ten thousand followers, or enough for one corps, already. A

PEDESTRIANIC PECULIARITIES.

No two of us walk alike. The hinges of our gates turn the same, but with different results.

The baby strikes a toddle because it hasn't strength enough to walk, but it has the underlying principal of a natural walk, because, it "toes in." "Toeing out" is a military article, invented for the express purpose of showing how much more men know than the Lord did.

The hippity hoppity skip and jump is peculiarly the little girl's gait. Uneasy and restless the flutter, budget seems determined to wear the sole of her shoe and the soul of her mother out at the same time; but she is the prettiest picture of animation humanity can show.

The dead run all out of breath is the small boy's gait. You can set down the boy who so far forgets himself as to walk as already in his dotage. Very old.

The square heel and toe is the gait affected by professional peds on the sawdust track, but it is growing absolete, thank our lucky stars.

The bound to have it gait is a rapid straight forward stride, never turning to the right or left. The man who has it knocks over children, barks his shins against market baskets, and stubs his toes against everything on the walk, but he "gets there," and his coat tail arrives about two minutes later.

There is a slow measured gait, tread, tread, tread, all the day long. The man who carries the hod has this peculiarity down fine. He would go to a fire in the same step and get there—possibly.

The long lope, thirty-four inches to the step, with a sag of the knee joint and a vigorous swing of the arms, is that of a young man from Ruraldom. He gets the walk from going over rough ground and anybody that gets the best of him has rough ground to go over.

The quick, sharp and spiteful gait with the little metallic heels ringing on the pavement is the gait of the smart young Miss with bright blue eyes and lots of vivacity. The young man who intends to keep company with her for life must make up his mind to train to her step. She never will train to his.

The every day business gait. Going right along with your feet, and your thoughts in the office, store, shop or wherever it is. You never know how far the walk is, nor how long it takes you to cover it. It is indefinite and frequently the only aid to good digestion. Take it easy, don't care a cent sort of a gait with cane twirling over his finger is typical of the man of the world. He leads a life of leisure and wouldn't hurry himself. As a consequence he grows fat, rheumatic and gouty and in later years walks with two canes and tremulous limbs. It doesn't pay to bunch your pleasure.

The dinner gait, before and after dinner, is mentioned merely as affording a contrast. It would hardly seems possible that one pair of legs could perform so entirely in opposition.

The slow gait. For further particulars send a small boy on an errand.

The fumbling, hesitating gait, braced up by a good hickory cane is what we are all coming to, if we live three score years and ten. It will be pleasant to "slow up," just before reaching the grave.

The stroll. Just at twilight, conscious that the day's work is over, and that a season of rest is before you, to leisurely meander along in pleasant paths, beneath the deepening shade of shapely trees, to listen to the hum of the busy world as it gradually dies away, to watch for the twinkle of the first star of evening, or may catch a glimpse of the moon over the left shoulder; ah—this is the acme of pedestrianism. If you don't believe it, offer her your arm to-night and try it.

A CLEVER TRICK.—The *Japan Mail* describes a clever trick which was being exhibited by a native juggler at Joshidabashi. The performance takes place in a small room about twenty-six feet long by twelve feet wide, half being allotted to the spectators, who are admitted on payment of the moderate fee of two cents. The "properties" consist of a deal table and a sword, etc. After the usual soul-stirring flourish on a drum and samisen, a man and woman appear from behind a screen; the man binds the woman's head in a cloth, and she then kneels down close to the table, and sideways to the spectators. The man draws the sword, makes a violent blow at the woman's head, she falls forward arms extended and limbs twitching. He then, having first wiped the sword on a gory-looking piece of rag, takes up (apparently) the woman's head, wrapped in the cloth and places it on the table. To all appearances it is a human head; the eyelids and features have a convulsive motion; presently the eyes open in a dreamy sort of way, and, to the accompaniment of the everlasting samisen, the head sings a mournful song. A curtain is interposed between the audience and the performers, and when again drawn back the woman is disclosed quietly seated beside the man. When it is recollected that this all takes place within about three feet from the spectators, and the properties are of the simplest description, some idea may be formed of the wonderful excellence of a performance which has excited attention.

MEAT BREAD.—It may not be generally known, that if meat is used in breadmaking, a peculiar fermentation takes place which causes it to entirely disappear. A beef-steak hashed fine and mixed with dough containing yeast disappears entirely by the time the bread is taken from the oven. The steak's nutritive principles are dissolved and incorporated into the bread. Not the least curious phenomenon noticed in these circumstances is that meat, which so rapidly becomes putrid, when once incorporated into bread may be kept longer than ordinary bread. Bread made in 1873 has been shown in the Academy of Science; it was as sweet and free from mould as when it came out of the oven. Meat bread is excellent for dyspeptics, as it can be made to do the work of the alimentary canal and relieve dyspeptics of all bother except mere deglutition—and, of course, paying the baker's bill, which is harder work than digestion. The meat used for the purpose should be rid of all fat, and only salt enough to season the bread added; for if too much salt be added, the bread will become humid (salt being a great absorber of water) and spoil. The objection to this bread is that it is insipid. If bacon be used instead of beef the objection is removed. Veal too, makes a delicious meat bread. All these may be used to make soup. Cut in slices one-sixth of a pound of bread put the slices in a quart of water, salt to taste and boil for twenty minutes.

COW MILKING HARD.—Two or three of your correspondents have within a few months inquired if there is any help for a very hard milking cow. I have several times, in my experience as a farmer and dairyman, got the needed relief by the use of the knife. Prepare yourself with a narrow-bladed keen-edged, sharp-pointed pen-knife; seize the teat as though going to express the milk; turn it towards you so that you can get a fair view of the opening; then having guaged the knife midway, by the forefinger, thrust it suddenly into the orifice The cow will start a little, of course, and a few drops of blood will follow the cut; but I never knew the blood to show itself after one or two milkings, and the relief that has resulted has been very gratifying.

THE farm is the last place in the world where slovenliness pays.

1880. FOURTH ANNUAL GRAND 1880.

EXPOSITION AND FAIR

OF THE

PITTSBURGH EXPOSITION SOCIETY

Will open Thursday, Sept. 2nd, and remain open Day and Evening, Sundays excepted, until October 9th.

A new Machinery Hall has been erected, taking the place of Old Power Hall, which has been removed, and the space converted into a beautiful Lawn, with Flower Beds and Fountains.

An Annex has been added to Floral Hall, which will be decorated with growing plants of every variety, among which will be fine displays of cut flowers, $1,000 in premiums being offered for that purpose.

The Old Buildings, having been repainted and repaired, present a striking appearance. Fifteen acres have been added to the grounds, thus increasing the area to twenty-five acres.

A perfect half-mile trotting course has been constructed, on which trials of speed will be had by some of the finest stock in the country, $4,400 in premiums being offered in this department.

BUILDINGS and GROUNDS will be thoroughly illuminated with the **Brush Electric Light.**

Through the co-operation of our Manufacturers a thorough representation of the Products of Pittsburgh and Allegheny City will be on exhibition.

Floral Hall and Annex, in charge of our prominent Florists, will surpass all previous efforts in this line.

☞NEW FEATURE.☜

In order to interest the surrounding Counties, an Agricultural Fair has been added to the Exposition, and our Farmers, Producers and Breeders of Fine Stock, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Swine, &c., and all descriptions of Farm Products, will be awarded Premiums amounting to $10,000.

CONCERTS every afternoon and evening by the Great Western Eleventh Regiment Band. Music on the Grand Organ daily. Excursion Tickets on all Railroads at greatly reduced rates.

PREMIUMS: { $10,000 - - - IN FAIR DEPARTMENT. 4,400 - - - IN SPEED do. 1,000 - - - IN CUT FLOWER do.

The Dining Department will be under the supervision of a competent Hotel Keeper. Refreshments furnished at moderate prices.

ADMISSION.....25 CENTS.
CHILDREN, under 12 Years of Age.....15 "

Send for Prospectus containing Premium List and General Rules and Regulations.

E. P. YOUNG, General Manager. J. C. PATTERSON, Secretary.
[8-6.] JOHN D. BAILEY, Ass't Manager and Cashier. 18-1

DON'T, GENTLEMEN, DON'T
BUY A STITCH OF
WEARING APAREL!
OR A SINGLE ARTICLE OF
GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS!
UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE IMMENSE STOCK OF
WARM-WEATHER CLOTHING,
Hats, Caps, Umbrellas,
Trunks, Valises, &c., &c.
JUST RECEIVED AT THE
Young America Clothing House,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and Eleventh Street,
ALTOONA, PA.,
THE PROPRIETORS OF WHICH MAKE IT THEIR CONSTANT AIM TO
KEEP A STOCK AND SELL AT PRICES
WHICH FEW CAN EQUAL AND NONE CAN EXCEL.

Therefore we repeat it: Don't invest one cent in SPRING or SUMMER CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c., until you have seen what they can do for you at the

Young America Clothing House
[4-23.] Cor. 11th Avenue and 11th Street, Altoona, Pa. [31-tf.]

STILL LATER AND BETTER!
NEW SUMMER GOODS
IN GREAT PROFUSION AT
FREIDHOFF'S CHEAP STORE!

While so many are looking forward to the coming Presidential election in hopes of being the lucky man, the subscriber has concluded to remain in the mercantile business and give it his undivided attention by supplying his friends and the public generally with ALL KIND OF GOODS

AT PRICES SO LOW
THAT NONE CAN OR DARE COMPETE WITH HIM.

Buyers will always find a full and elegant stock of everything to be found in a general store, comprising a complete line of

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,
Boots, Shoes, Groceries Hardware, Tinware,
Queensware, Glassware, Woodenware, Cigars, Tobacco, anned Goods, &c., &c.

Also, FLOUR, CORN MEAL, FISH, SALT by the bushel and barrel, DRUGS, NAILS GLASS, PUTTY, BRUSHES, BROOMS, &c. I have likewise added to my stock

BIRD'S PATENT CORN SHELLER,
which will be sold at the remarkable low price of 50 cents each. Also for sale, the
BEST AND QUICKEST BUTTER-PRODUCING CHURN EVER INVENTED.

☞A large increase of business has necessitated the enlargement of my store-room and the erection of an additional wareroom, and still my establishment is literally crowded with choice goods and eager seekers after bargains. Still being determined to accommodate all who come, and especially my friends from the country, to whom the highest prices in trade will be paid for all kind of produce, I have thrown open my large and commodious stable for the free use of all who may wish to put up their stock. Thankful for past favors and hopeful for many future ones I remain as ever,

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

High Street, Ebensburg, March, 1880.

GEO. W. YEAGER,
—CASH DEALER IN ALL KIND OF—
HEATING and COOKING STOVES
—AND MANUFACTURER OF—
TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Pa.

☞CHEAPEST PLACE IN THE CITY. Roofing, Spouting and Repairing of all kind promptly and satisfactorily attended to. [16-24,79.—tf.]

STILL HOLDING THE FORT!
THE NEW STORE BUILDING OF
S. TEITELBAUM, Carrolltown, Pa.,
HAS JUST BEEN OPENED WITH A SPLENDID STOCK OF
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

And a cordial invitation is now extended by the proprietor to every reader of the FREEMAN to call and see the large assortment, examine the various qualities, and learn the unsurpassable prices, which are so low that 20 per cent. can positively be saved by those who buy their goods from me. The reason I can sell so cheap is that I bought my entire stock for cash and intend to sell for cash or its equivalent, and am therefore prepared to make quick sales at smaller profits than any other merchant in Cambria county. Don't take my word for this, however, but come and see for yourselves.

CARROLLTOWN, MAY 21, 1880.—tf. S. TEITELBAUM.

KIDNEY DISEASES, CONSTIPATION AND PILES.

are quickly and surely cured by the use of KIDNEY-WORT. This new and wonderful remedy which is having such an immense sale in all parts of the country, works on natural principles. It restores strength and tone to the diseased organs, and through them cleanses the system of accumulated and poisonous humors. Kidney diseases of thirty years standing have been cured, also Piles, Constipation, Rheumatism, &c., which have distressed the victims for years. We have volumes of testimony of its wonderful curative power. No longer use Alcholic Bitters, which do more harm than good, or drastic pills, but use natures remedy, KIDNEY-WORT, and health will be quickly regained. Get it of your Druggist. Price, $1. (Will send post paid.) WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Prop'r, Burlington, Vt.

How Trees are Struck by Lightning.

M. Colladon says: The lightning always, or most always, strikes the upper branches, especially those that are most elevated and most exposed to the rain storm. From thence it descends thro' almost the entire mass of branches to the main branches, and from these to the trunk. These large branches, and especially the trunk, being in general much poorer conductors than the young branches, the passage of the electricity produces therein heat and repellent effects which lacerate the sap wood or the bark, and sometimes scatter the debris to some distance (150 feet and beyond.) This is a law that I have ascertained by very numerous observations. The tree recently struck in Rue des Glacis de Rive presents an interesting case, in that it confirms this law.

It is not a very common thing in France to see trees struck by lightning in May, when their as yet young leaves have little consistency. The tree now under consideration was struck essentially on its chief branch, the highest one by some inches, and situated on the southwest side. The young leaves of this summit and those of the branches immediately beneath were neither dried nor withered, but they were gashed in part and broken into small fragments and strewn over the surrounding earth. In fact they had suffered from the effect of a violent concussion of the air, like the window panes which had been broken in two neighboring houses, and were reduced to fragments just as they would have been had a dynamite cartridge been exploded near them. Even before seeing the tree I had made up my mind that there must have been a well or stream of water near there in contact with the roots of the poplar; for the vicinity of a spring or subterranean stratum of water is very often the determining cause to attract the lightning to the summit of a tree standing near it. Here, again, this influence is rendered evident by two interesting facts. At about eighteen feet from the the tree, on the north side, there is a lead conduit which leads water to a laundry, and a drain which carries the waste water off under the street. At the base of the trunk the wounds swerved toward the north, and, midway between the tree and the lead conduit, a board placed as a border on the earth was pierced with a round hole about four inches in diameter, showing that the electric fluid, concentrated in a powerful jet (if that expression is allowable), shot directly from the foot of the tree toward the lead conduit by the shortest route.

WHAT WE CALL "TERRA FIRMA."—The rivers of the sea, apart from the astonishment and wonder which their stupendous proportions must arouse in the mind of the student of nature, present themselves to us as a subject of paramount interest, when we consider the part which they have played and are still playing in the building up of the topmost layer of the solid earth crust, in the perpetual changes of climatic conditions, in the distribution of vegetable and animal life over the surface of our planet, and last but not least, in the recent advance of ocean navigation, by which the inhabitants of the most distant lands have been brought into close intercourse with each other. The erosive action of currents constantly tends to alter the configuration of the coast lines, by taking away land in one place and depositing it elsewhere. Again, immense quantities of sediment carried by all the rivers of the world into the sea are taken up by the currents and spread over the bed of the ocean. Geologists tell us that nearly all, if not all, the dry land at present existing has at one time been at the bottom of the sea, an assertion confirmed by the fact that the strata which compose some of the loftiest mountain ranges have evidently been deposited in ages long past upon the floor of the ocean, and still retain the remains of the animals which disported themselves in the seas of former days. What we are still in the habit of calling "terra firma" is proved by modern observations to be in constant motion, rising and falling like the heaving breast of some mighty monster, whose arms stretch far beneath the waves.—By the action of the subterraneous forces, as yet unexplained, vast areas of the earth-crust are depressed below or lifted up above the level of the sea, and we are beginning at last to understand the truth of the maxim, that there is nothing stable in the universe of created things except the unstable.—*Science for All.*

DO NOT SLEEP ON THE FLOOR.—It is unhealthy to sleep on the floor. The late Canon Kingsley explained the reason for this in a simple way which will enable plain people to understand it. He describes what he calls "the two breaths" and their effects. The two are, of course, the breath taken in, which "is, or ought to be pure air, composed on the whole of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid," and the breath given out, which, "is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid." He then points out that this carbonic acid gas, when warm, is lighter than the air and ascends, and when at the same temperature as common air is heavier than that air and descends, lying along the floor, "just as it lies often in the bottom of old wells or brewers' vats, as a stratum of poison, killing occasionally the men who descend into it." Hence a word of admonition is addressed to those who think nothing of sleeping on the floor; and hence, as "the poor are too apt in times of distress to pawn their bedsteads and keep their beds," the friends of the poor are entreated never to let that happen, and to "keep the bedstead, whatever else may go, to save the sleeper from carbonic acid on the floor."

FALL RYE AND CANADA THISTLES.—"I took," says an Uxbridge (Mass.) farmer, "one of the most exhausted fields on my farm and completely overrun with the well-known pest, Canada thistle, plowed it deep in the latter part of September and sowed two bushels per acre of fall rye. In the spring I turned on all my stock about the 20th of April and kept them on till the 24th of May, when they had it cropped so close that I took them off for a week to give the rye a start. The last week in June I plowed the field about nine inches in depth, harrowed well and in about two weeks ganged it over and harrowed aghin about the 1st of August. I put on then about twelve loads of well rotted manure per acre on the highest parts and ganged it down September 1, ridged it up about six inches deep and sowed with a broadcast seeder two bushels per acre of Clawson wheat and harrowed once. This year I cut nearly forty bushels per acre wheat, weighing sixty-one pounds to the bushel, and all the thistle could have been bound into one small sheaf. Soil, part clay loam and part sandy loam, but a clay subsoil."

CORN-STALKS FOR SHEEP.—Sheep may be fed upon corn-stalks and a plot of corn daily as well as upon hay. Of course, the quality of the fodder is to be considered. There is good, indifferent, and bad corn fodder, made so by the manner of curing. If the corn is topped and the tops are well shocked and cured these will be equal to the average prairie hay, and three or four pounds of these, with an ear of corn, will make a fair ration for a sheep that is not to be fatted. Just now, when many persons are selling sheep, is a good time to start a flock, as the sheep can be bought cheap.

PORK MAKING IN BRIEF.

A correspondent of the London *Miller* describes his visit to a Chicago pork packing establishment as follows: The place where I was to witness the prosecution of one of the greatest of the industries of the latter city was Union Stock Yard, where I arrived by street car at 9:5 A. M., and was introduced to one of the pig killing establishments.—The animals to be operated upon are driven up an incline, for which, if they suspected to what fate it was the introduction, they would have no inclination. This leads to a large pen, from which they are driven into a smaller one, where a man is placed for the purpose of slipping a chain on one of the hind legs of the unsuspicious porkers, which are hauled to a position whence they slide to the sticker, who dispatches them while hanging. The stuck pig is then passed on to a man who unhitches the leg, and the animal falls into the scalding tank, which holds twenty at a time, and three men are there engaged stirring the carcasses up with long poles, so that the bristles which are to be removed are acted upon by the scalding water. At the end of the tank there is a sort of scoop which the pigs slide into, and are lifted out of the water to a bench, where they are subjected to the scraping and shaving process by the active hands of a dozen men. They are then passed to a functionary by whom they are decapitated, after which they are cut open and disemboweled by other practitioners, the division of labor principle being carried out there to the letter. The cutting up process follows the whole operation, taking a great deal less time than I have taken to describe it. A pig is killed and made ready for the market in a few minutes. At the Messrs. B. F. Murphy Packing Company they now employ 210 men, have a 24 horse power engine and four 50 horse power horizontal boilers, eleven lead tanks, 8 feet by 6, and three 24 feet by 6. They kill 1,600 pigs a day, and in winter twice that number. After being cut up the pigs are salted and put in icehouses.

I also visited one of the cattle killing establishments, where the work of slaughter is conducted with equal dispatch, the mode of killing being the cutting of the spinal cord at the back of the head by means of a steel pointed spear sharpened somewhat like a drill, the animal falling instantaneously and without a struggle. Every part and product of the animals, I may mention, is utilized, nothing here being allowed to go to waste.

A VALUABLE SUGGESTION.—We publish below, says the Boston *Globe*, a communication recommending rice as an article of diet during the heated term. We call especial attention to it, since this year particularly there has been an unusual prevalence of stomachic disorders, a recurrence of which may be prevented by the judicious use of this nutritious and wholesome food. Particularly has this season been hard on children, and the next warm spell will doubtless claim its victims from this class and mow down many more of them with bowel disorders. Parents cannot do better, therefore, than to heed the good advice given below and save the young ones from much suffering, if not from actual death. The communication is as follows:

Experience and science conjointly urge the free use of rice as food during the heated term alike for children and adults. Few articles of diet are more nutritious, bland and palatable. It can be prepared in a variety of ways without impairment of its nutritive value or its acceptability to the most delicate stomach. The percentage of starch which it contains renders it a most efficacious remedy in bowel disturbances of children, allaying irritation and exerting a decidedly stringent local effect. Thus in rice we have most nutritious food and physic combined, and its free use as a diet during the summer months cannot be too highly recommended.

TAKE CARE OF THE FRUIT TREES.—Fruit was tolerated, to some extent, by our Puritan fathers, but only with the express understanding that it should take care of itself. Hoed crops and sowed crops had rights which everybody respected. They were cared for at stated times and seasons; but if fruit trees received attention it was at the last end of a convenient time. Convenient times are scarce, and so fruit trees were left pretty much on their own resources.

Fashions change, and now we hear a good deal about the culture of orchards. Let us see what good culture means. Some trees are starved and some are surfeited. A soil just right for wheat is about right for fruit. Corn is a gross feeder and will bear more manure than apples or pears, and so, also, will grass. If the land is too rich the trees run to wood; tender, porous wood, too, insuring blight, in the case of pears, and little or no fruit. Generally orchards are starved. In that condition they will bloom abundantly, and bear, as far as they are able, of small, flavorless fruit; but the effort weakens the vitality, dead limbs appear, the whole tree gets ready to die, and unless it has better care, it does die. Fertilizers at the roots, forking and mulching, thinning of the top so that the nourishment shall be equal to the demand, and, in many cases, thinning of the fruit, will give new vigor and long life to the tree—*Golden Rule.*

WHITE WAX.—It will be a surprise to a large number of our American women to be told that the white wax, of which they make such constant use when engaged in their household sewing, is the deceased secretion of a peculiar species of fly found in the eastern portion of Central China Most of our country women, if they have given a thought to the subject, have supposed that this white wax was some refined product of ordinary beeswax—an article that has about it the conditions of cleanliness and healthfulness, which is more than can be said of exudations of insects due to some bodily malady. These flies apparently become deceased from feeding on the leaves of a peculiar kind of evergreen tree or shrub, of which they are exceeding fond. The twigs of these trees in certain seasons of the year are thickly covered with flies, which, in time, leave upon them a thick incrustation of white matter. When this has increased to a sufficient size the branch is cut off and immersed in boiling water, which causes the wax to come to the surface in the shape of a viscid substance, which is skimmed off, cleansed and afterwards allowed to cool in pans. The trade is quite an extensive one, as it is estimated that last year the crop was worth not less than $3,250,000.—*Exchange.*

FEED YOUR COWS WELL.—Cows giving milk should not be allowed to fall off in quantity from insufficient feed. It is more difficult to increase the flow of milk after a shrinkage from the lack of full feed than to keep up a high activity of the secretion at a particular time of year is established, as it will be by repetition, it is always easy to prevent it if it entirely by liberal feeding. The habit will also be transmitted to the offspring as a family characteristic that will diminish the value of the animal as a producer of milk. Give cows extra feed as soon as the pasture begins to get short.

THE Chinese are famous for their good vegetables. It arises from the fact that they use only liquid manures; hence their plants grow rapidly and are brittle or tender.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of Lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM' LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

☞For sale by GEO. A. KELLY & CO., General Agents, Pittsburgh, Pa., and by WM. LEMMON, Druggist, Ebensburg, Pa. 17-2,80.-ly.]

KIDNEY-WORT
The Only Remedy
THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON
THE LIVER,
THE BOWELS,
and the KIDNEYS.
This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.
Why Are We Sick?
Because we allow these great organs to become clogged or torpid, and poisonous humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.
KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE
BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS,
by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease,
Why Suffer Billious pains and aches?
Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?
Why frightened over disordered Kidneys?
Why endure nerrous or sick headaches?
Why have sleepless nights?
Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and One package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.
WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.
2

SELLERS'
COUGH
SYRUP!
40 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most PLEASANT and EFFICACIOUS remedy NOW in use for the CURE OF COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. OVER A MILLION BOTTLES SOLD WITHIN THE LAST FEW YEARS. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that CANNOT be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS are also highly recommended for curing liver complaint constipation, sick-headaches, fever and ague, and all diseases of the stomach and liver. Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents per box.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
October 24, 1879.-1y.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS
Though Shaking Like an Aspen Leaf
With the chills and fever, the victim of malaria may still recover by using this celebrated specific, which not only breaks up the most aggravated attacks, but prevents their recurrence. It is infinitely preferable to quinine, not only because it does the business far more thoroughly, but also on account of its perfect wholesomeness and invigorating action upon the entire system.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

NERVOUS DEBILITY.
GRAYN SPECIFIC MEDICINE.
TRADE MARK. The Great Eng. TRADE MARK
Rich Remedy, an unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse, as Loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption, and a Premature Grave. ☞Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to everyone. ☞The Specific Medicine is sold by all Druggists at $1 per package or six packages for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
The Gray Medicine Co.,
Mechanics' Block, Detroit, Mich.
☞SOLD BY BRUGGISTS EVERY WHERE.

BEFORE TAKING. AFTER TAKING.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. [12-5,79.-1y.]

WARNER'S
SAFE
REMEDIES
Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.
(Formerly Dr. Craig's Kidney Cure.)
A vegetable preparation and the **only sure remedy** in the world for **Bright's Disease, Diabetes, and ALL Kidney, Liver, and Urinary Diseases.**
☞Testimonials of the highest order in proof of these statements.
☞For the cure of **Diabetes,** call for **Warner's Safe Diabetes Cure.**
☞For the cure of **Bright's** and the other diseases, call for **Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.**
WARNER'S SAFE BITTERS.
It is the best **Blood Purifier,** and stimulates every function to more healthful action, and is thus a benefit in all diseases.
It cures **Scrofulous** and other **Skin Eruptions** and Diseases, including **Cancers, Ulcers,** and other **Sores.**
Dyspepsia, Weakness of the Stomach, Constipation, Dizziness, General Debility, etc., are cured by the **Safe Bitters.** It is unequaled as an appetizer and regular tonic.
Bottles of two sizes; prices, **50c.** and **$1.00.**
WARNER'S SAFE NERVINE
Quiets the **Nerves** and **Sleep** to the suffering, cures **Headache** and **Neuralgia,** prevents **Epileptic Fits,** and relieves **Nervous Prostration** brought on by over drink, overwork, mental shocks, and other causes.
Powerful as it is to stop pain and soothe disturbed nerves, it never injures the system, whether taken in small or large doses.
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WARNER'S SAFE PILLS
Are an immediate and active stimulus for a Torpid Liver, and cure Costiveness, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Diarrhœa, Malaria, Fever and Ague, and should be used wherever the bowels do not operate freely and regularly. No other Pills require such small doses for thorough work. Price 25 cts. a box. Warner's Safe Remedies are sold by Druggists & Dealers in Medicine everywhere.
H. H. Warner & Co., Proprietors, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Send for Pamphlet and Testimonials.
SAFE KIDNEY & LIVER CURE SAFE DIABETES CURE SAFE BITTERS SAFE NERVINE SAFE PILLS
READ! SAVE! YOURSELF!

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VEGETABLE CATTLE POWDER
AND CATTLE LINIMENT
Is a sure cure for all ordinary diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Swine. It cures and prevents CHICKEN CHOLERA. Your cow is certain to yield 25 PER CENT. MORE AND BETTER MILK AND BUTTER. STOCK FATTENS ON ONE-FOURTH LESS FEED!
Being in possession of a large number of excellent testimonials I subjoin a few:
I have been using your Cattle Powder for horses, cows, chickens and pigs, and find it a PERFECT CURE thing.—GEORGE BOND, Germantown, Pa.
I have used two packs of your Cattle Powder on my cow and chickens. The cow GAVE NEARLY TWO GALLONS MORE OF MILK per day and the chickens were dying, but were CURED IMMEDIATELY after I had used the powder.
YOUNG, Cross Roads, John P. Brown, Dolly, S. C.
I have used your Cattle Powder and must say it is the best for horses, cattle, sheep, etc. Tried it on poultry for many complaints, with success in every case.—DOCT. WEAVER, Berrysville, Pa.
Last summer I got a package of your powder, under which I gave to my poultry, and have not had one droopy turkey or chicken since.—MRS. WM. KNAPP, Orange, N. Y.
Send me a pack or two of your Cattle Powder. The best I got from you last winter CURED MY CHICKEN CHOLERA. I gave some of it to a neighbor and it cured his chickens.—JOHN WILLIAMS, Spruce Vale Ohio.
Address, for pamphlet, P. A. MILLER, 720 Arch St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. [7-50.-1y.]

MAKE YOUR
OWN BEER!
By using a 25 cent package of ASCHENBACH & MILLER'S Preparation, which will give you five gallons of
AROMATIC BIRCH BEER!
Composed of roots and herbs that are specially healthful, and can be used by the whole family. It is refreshing, an excellent preventive of Summer Complaints, a Tonic, and a Blood Purifier. It is cooling in the extreme, without being stimulating. Endorsed by Physicians and Temperance Advocates.
I have tried Aschenbach & Miller's Birch Beer, and consider it superior to any article of the kind I have used.—Lorenzo Lambert, Union Spool Mills, 947 N. Front St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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If your druggist does not keep it, or you happen to live in the country, you can have a package forwarded to you by sending 25 cents to Aschenbach & Miller, proprietors, 23 & Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.
June 25, 1880.-1y.

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☞All persons needing dental work will do well to give me a call, as I am prepared to furnish full or partial sets of teeth and perform all other operations pertaining to my profession in a satisfactory manner and at the lowest possible prices.
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Van Dyke's Sulphur Soap.
THE MARVEL OF THE AGE.
For the cure of skin diseases of all descriptions it is without a rival. Having long been in the market and thoroughly tested by the medical profession and the public, it is needless to enter into details about its virtues. Price, 25 cents a cake, or three cakes for 50 cents. For sale by druggists and country storekeepers. ACKERMANN & MILLER, Proprietors, Third and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

Persian INSECT POWDER
(Aschenbach & Miller's.)
Roaches, ants, bugs, moths, garden worms, etc., fall victims to its deadly effects immediately upon coming in contact with it. It is truly the genuine Persian, the flowers being imported direct, then ground and prepared at our laboratory under our own supervision, so that we can guarantee its absolute freedom from adulteration. Druggists and country storekeepers sell it. Wholesale Depot, N. W. Corner 3d and Callowhill Sts., Philadelphia.
July 9, 1880.-1y.

Dr. JONES' TARAXCANUM TONIC
or DYSPEPSIA MEDICINE, a vegetable compound whose virtues has stood the test of 40 years, is infallible in the cure of Dyspepsia, General Debility, Chronic Weakness of Lungs, Spleen and Kidneys, Short Breath, Heartburn, St. Vitus' Dance, pains in the Stomach, Back and Chest. Particularly adapted to all Female Diseases, no matter what the age of the patient may be. Price, 75 cts. Sold by Druggists. [7-9,'80.-1y.]

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Law and forms for Business Men, Farmers, Mechanics and Workingmen. Selling fast. Low price, great success. One agent sold 800 in one town, another 182 in 26 days, another 75 in 13 days. Saves ten times its cost, and everybody wants it. Send for circulars and terms. Also General Agents Wanted. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 1,000 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa.

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